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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 10th, 1889. — No. 631.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS ONE DRAWBACK to the complete felicity of practical politicians that, every now and then, it becomes necessary to put some "unobjectionable person" into office, by way of a concession to popular prejudice. Of course the unobjectionable person is put there only to act as a genteel figurehead; but the deuce of unobjectionable persons, as every practical politician knows, is that you never can count on them. They are "onsartin": you never know when you have them where you want them. You take your unobjectionable person; you lure him from the sweet repose of private life with the promise of a great office; you teach him just what he has to do, introduce him to his masters, lay out his programme for him and see that he learns it by heart: then you elect him, and you think that all is fixed and settled, and that practical politics may begin to produce practical results in the good old-fashioned way.

And just then the unobjectionable person goes back on you—in the language of practical politics—with the most astonishing suddenness. He bobs up with some awkward, utterly unpractical principle or other—some fanciful, unbusinesslike theory of right and wrong—some vexatious moral idea that never was heard of in practical politics, outside of a party platform. And when you point out to him that moral ideas are not to be bothered with when they have served their end in the platforms; that principles are all very well in their way, but not as matters of practice—in short, that he is not talking business: and when you tell him that he is expected to do what he was elected to do—why, the ungrateful crank turns 'round on you and tells you that the people elected him, and that he is going to do what he considers the right thing for the people. As if the practical politician did not know what was best for the people!

Look, for instance, at the annoyance already suffered by the practical gentlemen who elected, last November, their unobjectionable candidate for the presidency. They chose their man wisely: they had to have an unobjectionable candidate, having tried an objectionable one four years before, and found him not at all to the taste of the people. And who was more unobjectionable than that excellent man? Not Baby McKee even seemed a fairer flower of Eminent Respectability. And lo, he is elected, and already he kicketh, even as the Wild Mustang of the Prairie; and, moreover, principles are coming out all over him in spots.

"Why," says the practical politician; "that man's enough to break your heart. Here he's been six weeks in office, and he ain't filled five hundred places! And look how he's treated his best friends. Could he have got nominated if Blaine had n't let him? No! Well, now, Blaine says to him: 'I want Whitelaw Reid for Minister to England.' 'Can't have him,' says Harrison. 'Why?' 'Well, he's been pitching into the Prime Minister, or some such a thing. England would feel insulted.' 'Just what you want,' says Blaine; 'get you the Irish vote solid.' 'No,' says Harrison; 'friendly nation—can't do it.' Who ever heard such nonsense? Jim would have given 'em Pat Egan straight in the mouth, he would. Then look at Dudley. Look what Dudley did for him. What's he done for Dudley? Nothing. Why? Oh, Dudley's suspected of bribing voters. Bribing voters for who, I'd like to know? 'T was n't for Cleveland, was it? Oh, I don't say he hasn't done the right thing by the boys, mostly. But what I don't like is this putting on Mugwump airs, and trotting up objections of his own when all he's got to do is to do what the men who put him there tell him he's got to do. That's our notion of politics, and the sooner Mr. Harrison comes to his gruel the better for him."

You see, good citizens, it is the "irrepressible conflict" of our day, that you can not get away from. You may elect Cleveland or you may elect Harrison: the same combat must arise between the man of principle and the men of no-principle. Mr. Harrison is a warm partisan, and he is not a broad-minded man; but when adherence to party demands of him the sacrifice of his sense of what is right, he will fight for his independent conscience. That was the fight which Mr. Cleveland waged, during four years, against tremendous odds. He was a stronger man than Mr. Harrison, and where he unwillingly yielded inches, we fear Mr.

Harrison will have to yield yards. He, too, will yield unwillingly; none the less, we fear, he must yield. Mr. Cleveland derived a certain moral support from the fact that he was elected by the people on a well-defined issue: by a revolt of party men against the misuse of party power. But Mr. Harrison must miss this support. He can not turn to the "floaters in blocks of five" who carried Indiana for him and ask them to hold up his hands in any conflict with the spoilsmen. He can not look for encouragement from the men who slaughtered the Republican candidates for Governor of New York and Mayor of New York City, (meek and resigned sacrificial lambs,) to make votes for him. If he attempts the task which his predecessor labored to perform, he will find himself even more lonely and friendless among the practical politicians of his own party. Just at present, however, it is interesting to watch the progress of his incipient revolt, and speculate on its probable duration.

THE BATTLE OF APIA BAY.

March 15, 1889.

THE portholes black looked over the bay To the ports on the other side; And the gun in each grim square port- hole dim Is guarding a nation's pride.	And each looks over the bay to each— Is the end of it peace or war? And the wish that's best in each brave young breast, Is the wish for a run ashore.
Two fleets are they in an alien sea, And whether as friends or foes, Till the diplomats' prattle decides their battle, Nor sailor nor captain knows.	Death came out of the sea last night— Death is abroad this morn— The water is over the war-ship's prow, And her snow-white sails are torn.
But strange to each is the sun that starts The pitch in the white deck's seams, While the watch, half-dozing with eyes half-closing, Go home in their waking dreams.	And the bright blue waves that leap to catch The glint of the tropic sun Roll overhead, and beneath are the dead, For the battle is fought and won.
And strange is the land that lies about, And the folk with faces brown, To the Pommerland boy with the yellow beard And the boy from Portland town.	There's the Pommerland boy with his yellow beard, And the Maine boy bearded brown; And there's weeping sore on the Pommer- land sh re; There are tears in Portland town.

O ships that guard two nations' pride,
Death had no need for ye!
They went to their fate through no man's hate—
Death's servant was the Sea.

We spoke lately of the death of Mr. Philip H. Welch, and of the courageous struggle of his last years of ceaseless suffering. It is gratifying to know that the work which engaged all his energies is not to be left unfinished. It is proposed to raise among his friends (those unknown to him as well as those who knew him in life,) a Memorial fund, not to be wasted in the cold and vain mockery of a marble monument, but to be placed in his widow's hands for the education of the four little children whom he left to her care. No better recognition of the service which his wit rendered to the public could be devised, and no fitter testimonial made to the wifely devotion which sustained him in his long trial. The suggestion has already met with general acceptance; and we are certain that many who learned to admire the dead humorist's work in this paper will be glad of the opportunity to testify their regard and interest. Remittances should be made to Mr. Edward P. Clark, Treasurer Welch Memorial Fund, Editorial Rooms, *The Evening Post*, New York. Mr. R. W. Gilder, of the *Century*, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of the *Christian Union*, and Mr. L. S. Metcalf, of the *Forum*, are auditors of the accounts of the Fund.

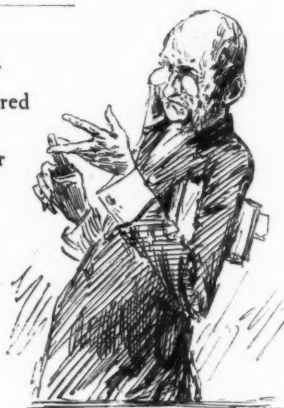
THE BILL WAS ALL RIGHT.

"Will you vote for my bill?" inquired the lobbyist of the legislator.

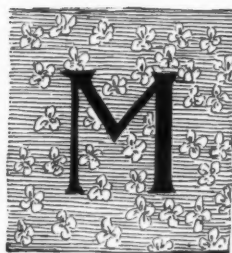
"No, sir," replied the latter; "your bill is a swindle."

"Why, man, you must have the wrong bill in mind. I mean this fifty-dollar bill!"

"Well, this appears to be a good bill," said the legislator, after examining it critically. "I'll vote for it, of course."



AN ANECDOTE OF REMBRANDT.



ANY CURIOUS TALES are told of Rembrandt, the painter. The following is so old that the writer, who invented it at cost of no small amount of gray matter, offers no other excuse for presenting it to the readers of Puck than the fact that it is always good.

Rembrandt painted only when the mood seized him; and, that he might always be prepared, carried with him a pot of paint and a brush.

It is related of him, that once, while spending his two weeks' vacation at Rotterdam, he took a walk near the ancient Kipperijk. When passing the house of the rich Burgomaster Van Peldt, he saw a tramp, seated on an ash-barrel, drinking the health of "Prins Willum" out of a tomato-can. The quaintness of the scene struck him, and, heedless of his surroundings, he squatted down, and, on the flag-stone, painted in immortal colors the even then famous picture: "A Tramp only, yet of Nature a Nobleman."

Just as he had finished it, the miserly Burgomaster, who had been watching him from the upper window of his house, and who well knew the value of the work, came to the door and called out:

"Here, you dauber! Think you that I hire a maid for no purpose but to clean the sidewalk after you? Be off, or I'll summon the guard!"

At these words Rembrandt rose, and for the first time realized where he was and of what texture was his canvas.

"A-ha! good Burgomaster, the bulge on me you plainly have; but if I can not use the painting, neither can you." And with that he seized the flag-stone, and turning it over, replaced it with the painted side under, to the lasting chagrin of the Burgomaster.

The stone is still shown in the pavement at Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Delft; but so great is the veneration of the Hollanders for Rembrandt, that no one has ever attempted to turn it over, or dispose of it in any way.

Chas. Battell Loomis.

PAYING ON PUBLICATION.

MAGAZINE EDITOR (to PUBLISHER). — Here is a little matter I would like to ask your advice about.

PUBLISHER. — Well?

EDITOR. — I have just come across an article of my own that was accepted some twenty years ago, and naturally I feel some delicacy about fixing the price of it myself!

HIT IT CLOSELY.

"What kind of a stone is a shamrock?"

"A Gladstone."

LOCAL PRIDE.

"There seems to be an intense spirit of rivalry between your Western cities," observed the Eastern visitor.

"Yes," said the Kansas City man; "between the second-rate ones. But Kansas City, sir, is ever ready to extend a welcoming hand to all who abandon the fading fortunes of Chicago and St. Louis. We bear no rancor here."

VERY SHOPPY.

MISS REEDER. — You should read Dr. Weir C. Mitchell's last story — the scene is laid in the lumber regions.

DR. SCHMERZ. — Ah, I see, — in the small-of-the-back-woods, you mean.

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

MAUD. — And what will you do, now that poor Flossie is gone?

SIBYL (mourning the demise of a favorite poodle). — I shall marry!

THOUGHT HE SAW A DIFFERENCE.

"Maria, do you remember that fine dinner you got up all by yourself on the day I asked you to be mine?"

"Yes, indeed, George!"

"Everything was splendid."

"I am sure it was."

"Ah, I wish your mother was living with us now, Maria!"



LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

PAULINE. — See here, young fellow, the next time you make an appointment with me, you want to remember that there are two spires on this church!

AND TWO NEW MUSIC HALLS PROJECTED.

SPEELER. — I see by dose vashion notes dot dose ladies no longer pipe und flute deir gowns. Dot siknervies a degline in musical taste — ain'd it?

DEELER. — No, only a change. Accordion skirts are now the style.

SPEELER. — Vell?

PROFESSIONS AND PRACTICE.

"Yes," said the statesman proudly, as he lifted his glass from the bar; "I have at last emancipated myself from the serfdom of party. No more brass collars for me!"

"Do you mean by that, Johnny," whispered the faithful henchman, "that you are ready to sell any one else out to keep yourself in? If so, tip us the wink!"

FAR IN ADVANCE NOW.

"Elijah!"

"Yes, sir!"

"The country has apparently heard of the appointment of the great Irish patriot, Mr. Patrick Egan, to the Chilian mission."

"Yes, sir; it has, indeed."

"It will be a long time, Elijah, before Grover Cleveland can distance us, if he did attend the last anniversary meeting of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, I flatter myself."

VERY SEASONABLE.

"What do you call that act?" said the bass singer to the acrobat.

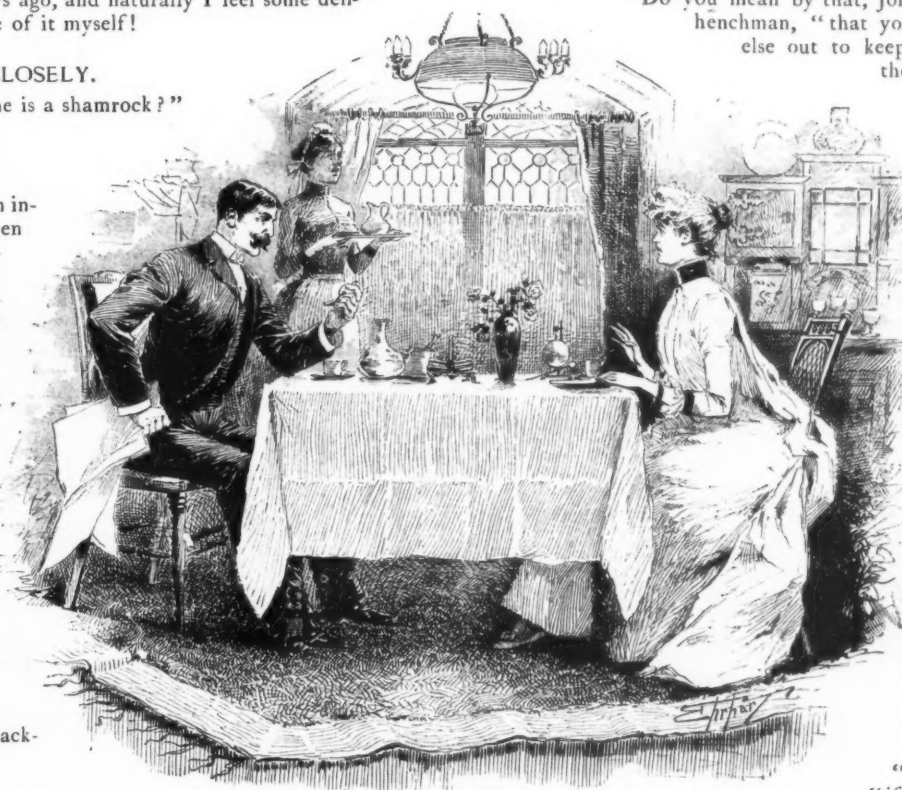
"Oh, that's merely a backward spring," answered the acrobat.

"Ah!" said the bass singer; "if I should try it there'd be an early fall, eh? Let's go and have a summer!"

"A what?"

"A summer; more than one swallow, you know."

And then, as the Irishman said, they winter way together.



THE ARABIAN TRAVELER.

LETTER II.



MOHAMMED BEN ALI to Ismail Mustapha, greetings and love, with sorrow commingled.

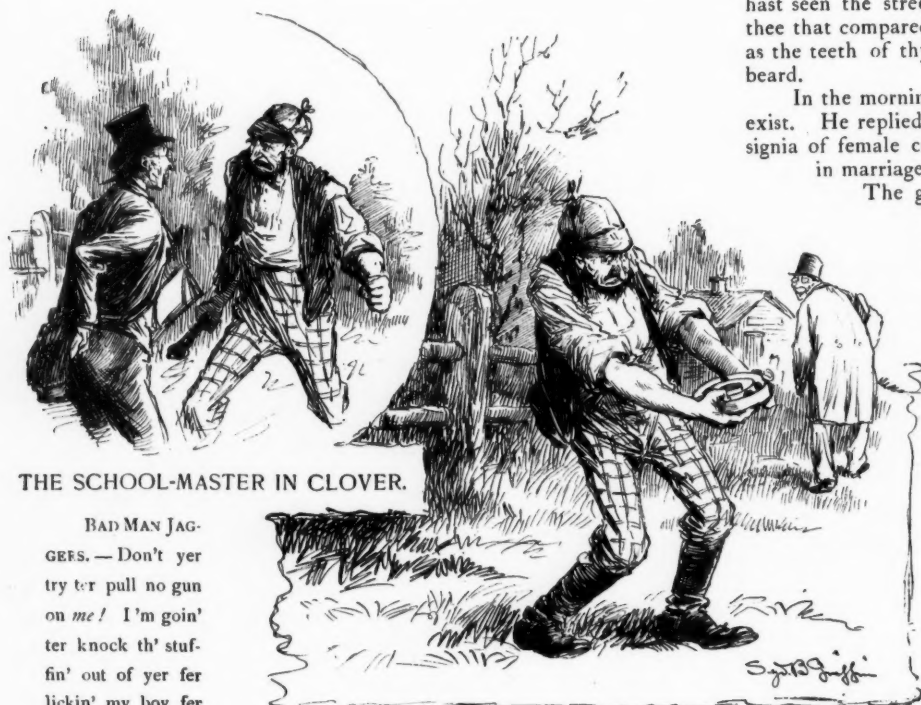
How shall I describe unto thee, O Simoom of the Desert! the things mine eyes have beheld and mine ears have heard? How shall I recount unto thee the astonishment that has come upon me in one day which I have spent in this city called New York? Verily, neither is there beginning nor end to the curiosity of the same, nor to the amazement which filleth my soul as the sands of Saharah.

Having departed from the great ship which brought me hither, I learned from the newspaper owner, who had come to ask me how I liked America, that I should reach the habitation of my Turkish friend, to whom I was commended, by riding on what is known as the elevated railway. Behold, O Lion of the South! what a thing is this. An iron bridge is builded through the streets of the city, and on this runneth the iron horse with his carriages to and fro, conveying the people. And he maketh awful noises, such as would

wake the dead of Bagdad, and spitteth oil and fire down into the streets upon the heads of the people; and they swear in their beards, but dare not murmur aloud. And upon the carriages ride officers clad in cloth o. blue with buttons of brass, who force the people into the carriages till they must stand upon one another's feet. And these officers speak a strange language which is not known to the people; and the people seek not to know it, but praise Allah when by good fortune they hit upon the right place for disembarking. And when they do not hit upon it, they swear in their beards — as before — but murmur not aloud.

And as I rode through the streets, O Nephew of the Gul-gul! I said unto myself, "Is this the great metropolis of the New World?" For behold, the buildings are tall and narrow, as if there were not land enough in this country for them to spread out upon. And they are dark of color and as monotonous as the waters of Nilus. In color they are gloomy and they are without the grace of architecture. Thou who hast gazed upon the gilded domes and minarets of Istamboul, and hast seen the splendors of Omar against the noontide sky, wouldst thou not be shocked if thou shouldst gaze over a dreary expanse of dull-red and brown houses with flat roofs surmounted by chimneys vomiting dirty smoke, amid which was new-washed linen hung out to dry?

And when at length I reached my friend's abode, and had eaten,



THE SCHOOL-MASTER IN CLOVER.

BAD MAN JAGGERS. — Don't yer try ter pull no gun on me! I'm goin' ter knock th' stuffin' out of yer fer lickin' my boy fer bein' late!

SCHOOL-MASTER WHACKERS. — I never knew it to fail yet!



HOW SHE GOT IN.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL. — Do you live in a flat? I thought they did n't take children in flats. How did you get in?
SECOND LITTLE GIRL. — I was borned in!

wearied with my journey and the strange sights of the day, I threw myself upon my couch and sought sleep. Lo, now, what came to pass? No sooner had the roar of vehicles begun to grow faint in the street than there arose a series of yells and wails that would have affrighted the beasts of the desert. Horrified beyond measure, and expecting to be compelled to defend myself against the buffalo, the fiercest beast of the American wilderness, I sprang from my couch and rushed to the window.

O Light of the Crocodile! The street was crowded with cats, and it was from these that the awful wails arose. All night long they shrieked and screamed, and my sleep was but a series of fits and starts. Thou hast seen the streets of Istamboul crowded with dogs; but verily I tell thee that compared with the cats of New York the dogs of Istamboul are as the teeth of thy daughter compared with the hairs of the prophet's beard.

In the morning I asked my friend why these cats were permitted to exist. He replied that in this country they were held sacred as the insignia of female celibacy; that all women who did not unite with men in marriage constituted themselves the especial guardians of cats.

The government had declared the cat a blessing in disguise, and persons known to slay, maim or otherwise injure cats, were made prisoners by the Berghomans — a society devoted to the protection of cats — and released only on swearing to remain unmarried and to feed cats for the rest of their lives.

Thou seest, then, that though here cats are not sacred to Pasht, as in Egypt, they nevertheless have what the street Arabs of Damascus call a "pudding." More wonders will I relate thee in my next. May thy shadow never grow thin, O Flower of the Plain!

A KIND HE DID NOT KEEP.

MR. SUGAR N. SAND (grocer). — Teas? Yes, ma'am. What kind do you prefer — black or green?
MRS. STANFORD HOYLE. — I'll take a pound of pink tea. I hear that's the most stylish now.

A ROSE BY any other name would cost as much.

SWEET CONFIDENCE.



MR. ROCKAWAY BEECHE.—Ha, Chawley, me boy, how goes it?
 MR. C. DE HEARST.—Ha, Rocky, old fel, glad to see you.
 “Any thing new, deah boy?”
 “Naw, Rocky, me lad, I weally don’t think there is!”
 “Naw?”
 “Naw—weally. Any thing new with you, old chappie?”
 “Aw, Chawlie, (*blushes*) you’ve heard it already!”
 “Heard what, my deah boy? Hanged if I’ve heard any thing!”
 “Naw? Naw, weally? Then I’ll tell you, yes I will, bah Jove! But it’s quite a secret yet, old boy, and you’ll keep it to yourself, eh?”
 “Yes, I will, ’pon honah!”
 “Well, then—weally, Chawlie, it makes me feel queer, damme if it don’t, to speak of it.”
 “Go on, deah boy, go on!”
 “Well, then, old fel, I’m—I’m—”

“Engaged, Rocky? weally and truly engaged?”
 “Weally and truly engaged, Chawlie.”
 “Naw, naw! Bah Jove! You don’t mean it! Ha, ha, ha! You sly dog! Shake, old fel, shake!”
 “Aw, thanks, Chawlie; thanks, awfully!”
 “Well, well, well, me deah boy! I’m deuced glad for you, hanged if I’m not!”
 “Thanks, Chawlie; thanks, awfully!”
 “And who’s the lucky girl, me boy?”
 “Miss Pettie Nobranes.”
 “Good enough, old fel, good for you! Bah Jove, but you’re a lucky dog!”
 “Aw, thanks, awfully!”
 “Let’s shake again, me boy!”
 “Thanks, awfully—but, I say, Chawlie, you’ll not mention it?”
 “I? Aw, old fel, you know me!”
 “Aw, yes; thanks, thanks, awfully!”
 They “shake” again and separate, while the world goes on wondering and questioning why some things have been created.

Z. D.

THE PEOPLE who “come early to avoid the crowd,” find that they make a crowd by doing so.

HEMPSTED HEATHE has named his Skye terrier Samson, because, without his hair, he would amount to nothing.

THE MAN who tells you he is no slouch, generally makes a mistake.

DIFFERENT PEOPLE should have different kinds of gloves. Blind people should wear felt; whist players, rubber; the school-master, tan; soldiers, mousquetaire; lovers, soft gloves; and the discarded lover, of course, should wear a mitten.

“BLEASURE BEFORE PEESNESS,” remarked Kohnberg, as he watched the cane rush, and afterward gathered a harvest for his second-hand store.

AT FIRST, a girl wants nothing but a husband. When she gets him, she wants the Earth.

FISH ARE NOT weighed in their own scales, simply because fish-scales are not built that weigh.

THE POLICE should occasionally be examined for color-blindness. What officer ever acknowledged seeing an offence committed by a blue-coat?



RE-ASSURING.

“Don’t be alarmed, Madam; it’s only one of those subway explosions!”

HE WHO MUST BE OBEYED.

THE PRESIDENT.—There, go away now, my boy; I’m busy!
 BENNY.—No!
 THE PRESIDENT (*firmlly*).—You must go away, now, I tell you!
 BENNY.—No!
 THE PRESIDENT (*very peremptorily*).—Sir, you will stay right where you are! I am master here, and I want you and Blaine to understand it.

A SEVERE TEST.

MR. BROWNE STONE.—Patrick, I understand that the Irish societies have resolved to quit drinking beer if that English syndicate gets control of the breweries of this country.

PATRICK (*after meditation*).—That moight be, sor; but, begorra, it’s me thot’s thinkin’ thot sort o’ patriotism wud be gettin’ a wake back if the English shud capture all the distilleries.

GOWIT, who has a large circle of acquaintances, lives up to his income, because, he says, “a penny saved is a penny that may be borrowed.”

ONE HALF THE WORLD does n’t know how the other half lives; and, for that matter, the other half does n’t.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE in stone houses should n’t throw glasses.

THE “LAST OF THE ROMANS” may be described as a kind of sandal-wood

A NEW JERSEY MAN is so passionately fond of playing the races, that his wife refer to him as her bettor half.



A RECEPTION TO NOBILITY.

BRITISH TOURIST (*in Park Row restaurant*).—Waitah, you may bring me oystah-cwabs dipped in oil, terwapin wagout, Swiss bwead, and a pint of Yellow Label!

THE WAITER (*with an excess of veneration*).—Say, Jimmy, tell der Speelers ter strike up “God Save d’ Queen.” D’ Prince ’f Wales is came!

AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF AILMENTS.



It was the first day of the month, and coming in from Stone Church, on the D. L. & W., it had occurred to me that I had forgotten to secure my commutation ticket the day before.

Notwithstanding the fact that it seemed to me as if I had been riding on the road for several years previous to its organization, I had to gratify a whim of the conductor's and pay a cash fare; and I will confess that when a fellow-townsmen squeezed into the seat alongside of me, with a cheerful "How goes it?" I felt a bit grumpy, and failed to put much cordiality into my "So-so."

My chipper friend did not seem to notice the defection from good manners, however, and glancing across the aisle, remarked:

"I see old White Wings is out again."

I looked over and saw that Rev. Mr. Minks, of the Swedenterian Church, sat opposite. He wore long gray side-whiskers, and my friend's appellation was touching in its appropriateness.

"Never expected to see the old gent chumming around again," continued my seat-mate. "Why, that man took larger doses, and more of them, of cod liver oil all last Winter than I'd have given to an elephant, if I'd had charge of him. It's wonderful how some people can lubricate, and still keep healthy. Then there's that Mister Piddsby, that feller sitting two seats in front, he's a daisy! Had a tooth out last week, and found out after he got home that Elkins—you know Elkins?—had pulled the wrong one. What did he do? Why, he went and had Elkins put it back again, pull the right one, and fill two others that needed it, so's to kind of get even. It cost Elkins more for creosote than the whole job came to."

"Good morning, Mr. Long; is this hot enough for you? They do heat these cars terrible sometimes."

"Now there goes another," he whispered, as Mr. Long went through into the baggage car. "He's got a varicose vein on the inside of his ankle as big as a sausage. I s'pose he's bought enough alum in the last two years to pucker up the Hackensack River. It kind of keeps his misfortune drawed up in a bunch, so's he don't have to wear his interfering-boot as much as he useter."

"Why, one time when Long was away on his vacation, he forgot to take his boot along, and I'm blamed if Ed. Mosher did n't see him trout-fishing down to Inskip with a wisp of straw tied around his off ankle, so's he would n't hit the lame one."

"See that pale-faced gent, facing us up there on the right?"

I intimated that I did.

"Well, talk about rheumatism!"

Why, that man got tied up so last Winter, that Doc Wilkins had to pry him apart with a marline-spike. They sent down afterward for a barrel of sewing-machine oil, and twice a day for two months they had to souse him through a kind of trough to keep him from twisting up again. I understand he's getting quite supple; but, while he used to be a great smoker, he does n't dare to use the weed now."

"Why not?" I ventured to edge in.

"Because," was the reply, "there's a kind of vapor that hangs around him ever since that treatment, and he's afraid of setting it a-fire—Hullo, Bradish! Did n't see you before." (This to a man who had leaned out into the aisle several seats ahead of us.)

"Play whist? No? Well, I would n't if I was you." (The last in an undertone.)

"That Bradish got 'm bad this December."

"Got what?"

"Passaic lancers."

"I don't understand you," I said.

"Oh, come off! Why, feve' and ague, man! He could no more hold a deck of cards than he could a buzz-saw. I s'pose he's eaten and drunk enough quinine to make a macadamized road from Newark to Jersey City; and, as for belladonna, he's took so much it does n't assimilate with him any more; and I've seen him, when he's shaking hard, throw off a regular shower of it, like a cloud."



AN INVOLUNTARY CARESS.

MR. BUCKWHEAT.—Thar's one less cat in th' world, any how!

At this point I looked out of the window; and, seeing that I was becoming somewhat indifferent, he left me, and went over and sat down by a spare brakeman in the corner.

When the conductor came through again, I got him by the sleeve, and asked in a hushed tone of voice:

"Who is that man I've just been talking to? I've seen him for years on the road, but never knew his name."

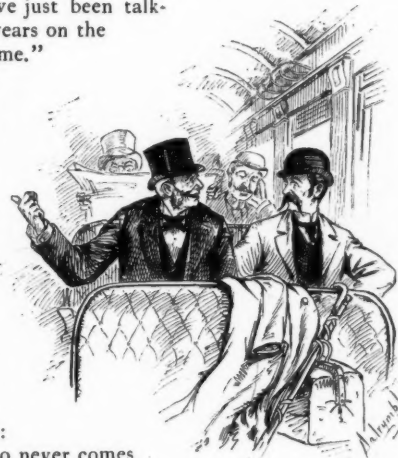
"What! Don't you know Ripley?" was the surprised query. "Thought everybody knew him."

"He evidently knows everybody, any how," I remarked.

"Oh, yes, he does, and he ought to," said the conductor; "why, he keeps the drug store at Stone Church."

As the train reached Jersey City, and I rushed by Ripley to reach the ferry-boat, I heard him observe:

"There goes a man who never comes into my store, because he's too busy; but I've sold his hired man more porous plasters than he could use himself in fifty years!"



J. S. G.

NEW BOSTON SOCIETY.

TOURIST.—Of course, you have no exclusive society here, no—
PROMINENT CITIZEN (of New Boston, Kansas).—Hain't, hey? You bet we have. If hit was n't fer one thing, we'd have an exclusive 400 here, like McAllister has corralled in New York.

TOURIST.—Indeed? What obstacle prevents its foundation?

PROMINENT CITIZEN.—A blamed good one. You see, podner, New Boston hain't got but 309 inhabitants.

AN ELEVATED STATION.

LAUGHERTY (after reading Kennan's articles in the Century).—I'd like to go and oversee that Russian government for a while. I'd have things different in a short time.

RAUGHERTY.—How would you do it? Russia's a big place.

LAUGHERTY.—Get upon the steppes.

DON'T BE A CLAM. You might get in the soup.



MR. SOGLEY (to MRS. SOGLEY, who has lagged behind).—Dat's right, Julia; dat's right. Seems loik d' ole times, chile. Dat's d' fust time yo' put yo' arm 'roun' mah neck sence ole Gin'l Washington was 'live!

APRIL SHOWERS.



THE beautiful rain
Music plays on the plain,
Where it wakens the lily and rose;
In silvery strands
It is blown o'er the lands —
But my spirit's weighed
down with its woes,
For I can't venture out in
the rain-tangled gale,
And this is the day of Bogg's
sacrifice sale.

Oh, what's the bright lea,
And its flowers, to me,
And the tra-la-la beauty
of Spring,
When I can't venture out
In this big water-spout
To the big bargain coun-
ter to wing?
In the earth I can see but a
big tearful vale,
And I can not attend Bogg's
great sacrifice sale.

HERBERT ROUNCEVILLE, A. M.

IMMEDIATELY ON receiving his degree of A. M., Herbert Rounceville, A. M., began to look about for a channel large enough to convey his store of knowledge into the thirsty desert of human ignorance. He desired the channel to be ample; he wanted it to be large enough. He saw that he could not live forever. He had a large knowledge: he must have a large channel. Because if he made use of a small channel, his store of knowledge would flow out only in a trickling rill for only a few short years, and the winter of death coming on apace would congeal a still full reservoir.

"What channel shall I select?" asked Herbert Rounceville of himself. It was a difficult question. He would have liked to seize some great trumpet, and blare forth all his information to the world with one great blare.

But this was not feasible. He would have liked to proclaim his fund of truths from the house-tops; but the picture of himself, in reality an



"ON STRICTLY BUSINESS PRINCIPLES."

evangel of Truth, being mistaken for a man putting up telegraph wires, deterred him from adopting this method of fulmination.

The next idea of H. Rounceville, A. M., was to write a poem—a poem that would crush error, and sweep darkness from the face of the earth as with the besom of the storm. But this was hardly feasible. Many people do not read poetry; many do not believe what they do read. Besides, the very form of verse steals from strength as much as it adds to grace; and to expect a philosopher to display the whole scope and power of his philosophy in metrical composition would be equivalent to expecting a giant to display his full strength in the slight step of the waltz. Herbert Rounceville acknowledged with regret that verse could not furnish an adequate channel. It then occurred to him that he might edit a paper. "Eureka!" The exclamation is his own. (He was a finished scholar in Greek.) The multifariousness of the subjects treated of in journals was alluring. If each day Herbert could send forth his ideas on so many matters, it would not be long before the world would note the change. Certainly this was the best channel that had yet suggested itself; and in all his young enthusiasm, Mr. Rounceville would have been willing to step at once to the throne of the largest New York daily. Unhappily for the world this was not feasible. The young man then thought of returning to his college town, and there seeking the position of sempiternal editor of the *Seniors' Critic*. But, alas, he knew that one of the Faculty would throw his influence against him, and he gave the project over as unfeasible. But then it was that he wrote a satire in epigrammatic form, in which his wit played sarcastically about the word "faculty" like lightning about a ruin, showing the hollowness of that which only darkness has made appear impregnably formidable.

It was after all of these plans had been canvassed and found unfeasible that Herbert Rounceville recognized the truth that any sufficient project must be entirely his own. And so, naturally, there came to him the idea of writing a novel. He had almost put pen to paper to sketch the character of *Veritas*, who was to personify his ideas of truth, equity and human perfection; he had already imagined the characters of *Beatus*, *Ambitio*, *Bellum Horridum*, when there came to him a reflection. The novelists of the last century—where are they? Their books are no longer read. And in the fate of older works, Herbert, with seer-like gaze, saw the fate of his own. His own writings might not fall so soon into the waters of oblivion, but they would fall.

Some other means must then be found for conveying his store of information into the thirsty desert of human ignorance—a means neither imperfect like that offered by poetry, nor inaccessible to true genius, like that of journalism, not subject to decay, like that of fiction.

What means should he choose?

With an unquailing courage, Herbert Rounceville, A. M., determined to continue the search.

Reader, he is still searching. Is it not a sad case? There are other men who may perhaps surpass Rounceville in technical knowledge as to inferior matters; who (but these are few) surpass him in the lore of books; but no one lives or will live who approaches him in soundness of judgement, in loftiness of intelligence; and, therefore, in the ability to give infallible opinions to the world on any matters that may be brought before the tribunal of understanding. Is it not sad, then, that he has not a channel which, irrigating the thirsty desert of human ignorance, would turn that dead waste into a blooming garden? It is sad; but the saddest reflection of all is that the case of Herbert Rounceville is exactly the case of half the men and many of the women on the face of the earth. Not all of them, perhaps, are making his search for channels of communication; but they all feel that, possessing such channels, they would be able to improve the world at compound rates and in geometrical progression.

There is nothing strange about this. It is matter of common knowledge. And what we wished to ask the reader is only this: what can be the mysterious system of Nature's counterbalances, which so acts in these cases as to make the world lose nothing?

Williston Fish.



HIS FIRST HANSOM.

CABBY.—Hansom, sir?

UNCLE SILAS (from *Wayback*).—Wa-al, ye-es; if ye let me get in front an' drive. I don't like the looks o' that little hind seat, up thar!



TROUBLE IN THE REPUBLICAN CIRCUS.—THE LITTLE ELEPHANT W



PHANT WON'T DO ALL THE TRICKS ON THE RINGMASTER'S PROGRAMME.

Paterfamilias Returns Early from the Office, and Finds Rehearsals Going On All Over the House:—



"Ostler Joe" in the hall;



"Desdemona" in the dining-room;



"Beatrice" in the boudoir;



"Camille" in the conservatory;



"Pauline" in the parlor;

BEAUTIFUL ———.

JUST ABOUT THIS TIME we feel sure that we are drifting into that delightful season, ———. We know that ——— is here, because the other day a man informed us that he had seen a blue-bird dart through the air with a straw in his bill, and we ourselves heard a frog croak in a wayside pool.

No one sighs: "Come, gentle ———," because gentle ——— seems to be already here. The horse and the coachman are shedding their winter coats, and the poet is expressing his sentiments, c. o. d.

The man who has found a crocus, easily imagines that he has also found a violet, and feels so confident that ——— must be here that he hangs his rugs out the windows, leaves the windows open, and does other unwise things that are unerring symptoms of that well-known spiritual malady, if we may so put it, ——— fever.

Setting out trees and setting hens are now popular forms of illustrating the fact that ——— is in the air. The pussy willow puts forth its tender buds, and the click of the pruning shears is heard in the osage orange hedge. The Shanghai rooster struts about, tossing his fine comb in the air, and feels bigger than the president of the Sugar Trust.

You may feel that ——— is here, when the swart Tuscan with the Simian colleague pauses before the oriel and grinds out "———, beautiful ———," and follows it up with, "The Flowers that Bloom in the ———, tra, la." Because when the swart Tuscan does the same, you know it is time to let the fire out in the cellar, and put the price of the Winter's coal into quinine pills. And, as you start forth in quest of these sugar-coated spheres of bitterness, you see your neighbor



and "Hazel Kirke" in the kitchen.

raking the fertilizer off his lawn, and by the number of "Old Crow" bottles in the mass, you can not help fancying that he has been fertilizing for rye.

The actions of the landlord with four or five vacant houses on his hands, is also a human advertisement of the advent of ———. He belongs to ——— more than does the North River shad and the Bermuda onion.

He is what would be called a "rustler" in California; and he out-rustles a new silk dress with a train twelve feet long on a winding stair, in his activity to lease his houses. He advertises them in the papers, and invites prospective tenants to luncheon, and drives them about the place, and does everything but bring them out in a special vestibule

dining car and tell them the truth about the place. The passion for gardening is now breaking out in spots — like a coach dog — among the people that did n't try it last year; and the agent of the rose grower boards the train as it stops, to head you off before you can jump into your carriage.

Newspapers have recently printed paragraphs full of the beauties of juicy mellow ———, with such heads as: "——— in Connecticut." "——— at Smithville, L. I." And from these we fancy it must be ———, indeed. But out in New Jersey it is different. There you can always tell it is ———, when you hear the first mosquito, or, rather, tarantula; and observe the retailer as he fishes up a bolt of last year's pink netting, faded to a dull yellow, that makes it look like new, bangs it on the counter, and bursts into a jocund smile, more flowery and fragrant than the ethereal mildness of lovely ——— itself.

R. K. M.

SPRING.



NATURE'S HALLELUJAH!
Robins, blue birds sing;
Diphtheria, pneumonia,
Et cætera. Spring!

Nature's resurrection!
All that sort of thing.
Microbes, disinfection,
Sars'parilla. Spring!

Nature's new creation!
Songsters on the wing,
X-mas bills—darnation!
Easter bonnets. Spring!

Nature's jubilation!
Mud just made to cling,
House-cleaning, tribulation,
Profanity. Spring!
Joseph Smith.

USURPING ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.

SIR ROTTEN ROWE.—I thought you did n't have bishops sitting in the American Senate.
MR. MADISON SQUEER.—We don't.
SIR ROTTEN ROWE.—Then who does the confirmations the papers speak of?

MISERY OPENS OUR FYES.

PHILANTHROPIST.—How did y u get into this miserable state?
APPLICANT.—Through the failure of me bosses, sor.
PHILANTHROPIST.—Who were they?
APPLICANT.—In good troth, sor, the man- a- s of the shrike!

A VERY LIGHT MEAL.

"We don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding-house any more."
"You have lunch, I suppose?"
"No; luncheon."
"Well, that's the same thing."
"Oh, no, it is n't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."

SECOND NATURE.

VISITOR.—"What, in your opinion, Mr. Wana-maker, is needed to render the Postal Service thoroughly efficient?"
POSTMASTER GENERAL (tapping his desk very sharply with his pencil).—"Cash!!"

THE USE OF AN ALIAS.

WEARY RAGGLES (as the Black Maria speeds to the boat landing).—Soy, Guffy, what mad' ye give der name Maguinness in Court dis marnin'?

TEN-DOLLAR GUFFY.—Whisht! Would yez be afther havin' me get six months exthry for disgracin' the Judge's family name?

DISCORD FROM UNANIMITY.

"There is no difference whatever between the two political parties," remarked Chatterton. "They are both agreed on wanting the spoils!"

"But don't you know, my dear fellow," returned Pegram, "that that agreement causes their greatest difference?"

A LONG- FELT WANT IN NEW YORK SOCIETY—

Some One to Chaperon the Chaperons.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED.

"Russell, my son!"

"Yes, Papa."

"I think you should begin vigorously to deny that silly story about our family being descended from one General Harrison who fought under Oliver Cromwell."

"Dear me, Papa! why is this?"

"Well, Russell, you remember how harshly and disgustingly Cromwell acted in Ireland? Perhaps that Harrison was with him. We can not acknowledge such a man as OUR ancestor."

"Of course not, Papa! How very horrid of Mr. Cromwell and Mr. Harrison!"

"Yes. And Russie, you might begin at once to block out your whiskers in Galway style. It will gratify our Irish citizens."

A FOURTH-WARDER'S VIEW OF LIFE.

There's all classes of men in the world—
Quiet 'uns and rampy 'uns;
But there is n't any that holds so many
As the class called fistic champions.

ECLECTIC TREATMENT.

MR. KELLY.—An' how are ye this mornin', Mis-thriss Flynn? Is yer rheumatiz betther?

MRS. FLYNN.—Well, yis, I think it is, I thank ye koindly. The new docthor's thratmint is doin' me a worl' av good, I belave. He advises me to take brandy an' queen Ann eternally, an' to rub anarchy on me j'int. So I'm doin' it, an' I think it's helpin' me wondherfully."



TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.

MRS. CROSS (from the stairs).—What's the matter down there?

CHRIS. CROSS (who has tried to sneak in quietly through the basement).—That'sh what I'm wonderin' about, m'self, m' dear!

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

"Who is H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., whose Safe Remedies, especially Warner's Safe Cure, have attained such success and celebrity at home and abroad?"

Hon. H. H. Warner, then, is a leading and honored resident of Rochester, not only, but a prominent and influential citizen of the United States. On several occasions chosen by his party as a National delegate to nominate a President of the Republic, he has been a member of the Republican State Committee and of its Executive Committee. He is a member of the American Institution for the Advancement of Science; President of the Rochester Chamber of Commerce; a successful and upright business man. He has given away fortunes in charities. The celebrated and costly Warner Observatory of Rochester was conceived, endowed, and is maintained by him. His munificent prizes for the discovery of comets has been at once the wonder and delight of the scientific world.

The yellow fever scourge in the South, the Ohio floods, the fire disasters of Rochester and other cities awakened his profoundest sympathies, and in each instance his check for from \$500 to \$5,000 swelled the several relief funds. Where other wealthy men give tens and hundreds, he gives hundreds and thousands.

The world has need of more such men. An incident let him into the manufacture of medicine. Seized some twelve years ago with what the ablest physicians termed fatal kidney disease, he was miraculously restored to health by what is now known as Warner's Safe Cure. At once he resolved to make known the merits of so potent a remedy, and the consequence is that to-day he has immense laboratories and warehouses in the United States, Canada, England, Germany, Austria, Australia and Burmah. Sales of his Safe Remedies are enormous, and their power over disease simply marvelous. The merit of a production is in exact keeping with the character of its producer. An honest and reliable man himself, Mr. Warner makes honest and reliable medicines—a fact abundantly attested by their phenomenal efficacy and popularity.

The name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.



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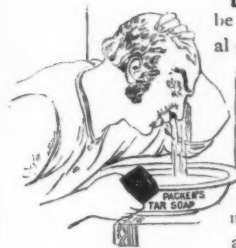
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Sample, (1/2 cake), rec. stamps, if Packer is mentioned.

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Robes de Chambre,
Smoking Jackets, Handkerchiefs,
GLOVES.

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New York.

BOUND TO ENTERTAIN HIM.

ADA.—I hear, Mrs. Parvenue, that you invited the French Minister to dinner.

MRS. PARVENUE.—Yes, I did all I could to please him. The parlor was hung with French flags, my parrot sang the "Marseillaise," we had absinthe, soup, fricassée for entrée, and I danced the cancan for him after dinner.—*Epoch*.

THE CULTURED WEST.

SHE (of Boston).—Don't you think Aus der Ohe plays beautifully, Mr. Breezy?

HE (of St. Louis).—Aus der Ohe? Oh! you mean Von der Ahe; but he only manages the Browns, you know—he does n't play.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

NO CAT NEEDED.

BRIDGET.—Sure, now, yez don't mane ter say yer livin' in a family phere there ain't no cat. Who kin ye blame things on?

ANN.—The childer'.

"Oh, it's foolin' ye are!"

"They are n't her own childer'; they 're the master's."—*New York Weekly*.

THE EPIGRAM.

The epigram is the warp of wit —

Of letters the wisest Tartar.

Wee and wicked, it means to hit —

And the meaner it is, the smarter.

C. F. L., in Time.

HENRIETTA (lecturing her wayward cousin).

—Some young men never can say "No."

JACK (unabashed).—And some girls never can say "Yes."—*Time*.

EUGENE FIELD resurrects this sample of pure Kentuckyism: "A bawn awter? Don't you know what a bawn awter is? Why, sah, you and I would say 'two and two make fo';' but a bawn awter would n't say that. A bawn awter would say: 'When, in the coase of human events, it becomes nec'sa' or expedient to coalesce two integers and two other integers, the result — I declare it boldly, and without feah or favah — the result, by a simple arithmetical calculation termed addition, is fo!' That's a bawn awter, sah!"—*Boston Post*.

PROF. SEMMOLA, of the University of Paris, in an article published in the Gazette Medicale de Paris, says: "Dryness of the skin, imperfect digestion and transformation of albuminoid food are present at the beginning of chronic Bright's Disease." Warner's Safe Cure removes digestive disorders. Why? Because it enables the kidneys to perform their functions in a healthy manner, when both cause and resulting symptoms disappear.

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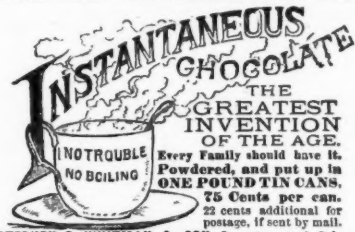
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SERVED HIM RIGHT.
"Is it true, Angelina," said a young lady addressing an acquaintance, "that there has been a rupture between you and Clarence De Johnes?"

"It is quite true."
"Gracious! What was the cause?"
"He was addicted to the use of slang."
"Oh!"

"Yes, I begged him to discontinue the habit, but he persisted in it."

"And the result?"

"The result is, he is in the soup."—*Boston Courier.*

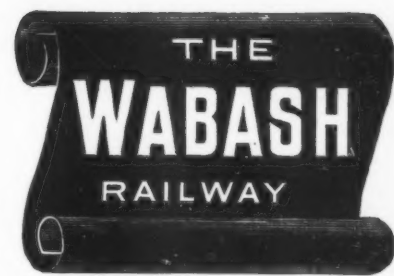
A LETTER HOME.

DEAR FATHER.—I am well, and am studying hard. We have just reached "Demand" in Pol. Econ. The supply is always equal to the demand. Please send me fifty dollars.

Your affectionate son,

J. LOAFER.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*



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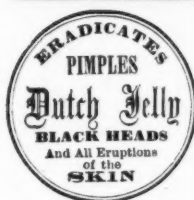
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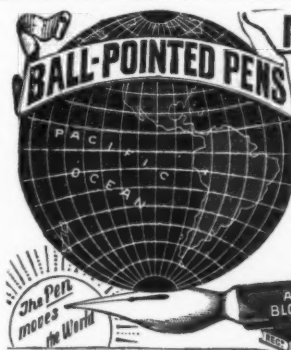
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—Harper's Bazar.

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PRISONER.—Yes, sir.
MAGISTRATE.—Brought up in the State?
PRISONER.—Yes; I have been brought up in Pennsylvania, and every other State in the Union, too.—Life.

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THE King of Italy sends a special Envoy to the Vatican on All Fools Day to ring the Pope's door bell and run.

PRESIDENT HARRISON is going to have a good time on the first by appointing Johann Most Envoy Extraordinary to Russia. The joke will be on Johann.

A REALLY fine joke to perpetrate at the expense of the editor of a magazine on All Fools' Day, consists in writing and asking if he wants any more war articles; and if he says yes, in sending him a Gatling gun. It is an expensive joke, but there is plenty of fun in it.

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